

Alphabet Drabbles of Sciles

by Queen Preferences

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Summary: Unrelated alphabetical drabbles about Sciles.

1. (A)n Us

****(A)n Us****

"Hey Scott."

"Mmh."

"Do you think when we die they'll be another us when we die?"

Scott stopped to glance back at his boyfriend to find the other staring up towards the stars. Scott listened to Stiles's heart to hear it beating softly on his chest.

"Stiles-"

"I hope they're always gonna be an us in every world, and every story." Stiles whispered as he finally turned back to Scott. His eyes looking so innocent and scared as he watches Scott. Scott smiled as he moved closer wrapping his arm around his mate's waist. Pressing his nose against Stiles's cheek in comfort.

"Yeah. I think know so."

2. (B)aby

****(B)aby****

Stiles grunted as he sat upwards whining from the sharp pain that traveled up his spine. Trying to straight up he stopped ad an hand reached out, gripping his leg.

"Scott-"

"Baby. Sleep." Scott demanded his voice thick with sleep as red eyes flashed at Stiles. Stiles felt his groin twitch as he blushed before leaning down to lay back down.

"Okay."

3. (C)onstellations

(C)onstellations

"You love Scott."

Stiles shrieked as Lydia appeared beside him holding her AP Mathematics in her petite arms. His strawberry hair pulled into an messy but beautiful ponytail as she eyes watched Stiles.

"What? Scott's my best friend." Stiles whispered as he fought the urge to blush. Lydia narrowed her eyes at the human boy.

"Don't act like I'm stupid Stiles. We both know I'm far from it."

Sighing Stiles peeked another glance at Scott who was still talking to his girlfriend Allison. "Yeah I do but it doesn't matter."

"Oh but it does Stiles because he loves you too. I mean why else would he look at you like your built by the constellations and he's got all night to go stargazing.

4. (D)irty

(D)irty

Scott watched as Stiles ran jumping over fallen tree trunks, dodging branches and not daring to look back. Running quicker Scott tackled Stiles making the other man shriek in surprise before attacking.

Stiles giggled as kisses were peppered all over his face, striking his nose, forehead, lips and cheeks.

"McCall! Stilinski! Cut it out and hit the showers!" Coach Finstock shouted. Scott and Stiles got up from the ground holding each other, giggling along the way.

"Separate showers!"

5. (E)ating

(E)ating

Stiles froze as Scott placed his plate down in front of him; those cheesy curly fries, green beans and an large hamburger. His mouth was watering.

"Eat baby." Scott ordered as he went back to his conversation with Lydia and Aiden. Stiles stared at Scott before an comforting hand came to the back of his neck.

"Eat." Scott whispered moving his hand towards Stiles's waist as the other boy started eating.

6. (F)reak

(F)reak

Stiles kept his head lowered as he walked through the hallway, his eyes fixed on his converse. Tighten his hands on his straps he walked towards his locker room to see expensive leather shoe came into his sight.

"Look here boys. It's the freak! Gonna have another panic attack freak!" Jackson Whittemore announced as he cornered Stiles against the locker.

"Maybe he'll cry this time!" someone shouted as more voices started to come. Covering his ears Stiles slid to the ground trying to block out the sound of them. His heartbeat racing as he tried to breath but he couldn't. He was gonna die and no one cared.

"Breath Stiles!"

Snapping his eyes open Stiles watches as an blurry inhaler came into sight shoving its way into his mouth. Gasping Stiles relaxed as someone shoved it down forcing the medicine out into his lungs. Feeling his body relax Stiles drifted out in an sleep.

"What the hell McCall!?"

Scott McCall shoved Jackson back growling in warning at all the people surrounding. No one dared to speak as Scott gently gathered the sleeping Stiles into his arms.

"Stiles Stilinski is mine from now on and anyone who messes with him will deal with me." Scott announced as he glared at Jackson.

"He's just another freak McCall." Jackson snapped.

"He's my freak." Scott snapped back turning around heading towards the nurse's office.

7. (G)ift

(G)ift

"Here." Stiles said as he shoved the plastic bag into the arms of Scott McCall. Scott raised an eyebrow at fidgeting boy before him as he peeked into the red plastic bag.

"What is this?" Scott asked as he pulled out an black book filled with colorful drawing. Stiles blushed as he moved closer to his boyfriend whispering into his ear.

"It's-s an couple book. For all the things we asked for."

Scott smiled predatory as he flipped through the book smiling predatory at the promises that were there. "I think I found the one I'll be using." Stiles whimpered as he caught the sight of red eyes, he really shouldn't have added knotting to it.

8. (H)ome

(H**)ome**

"Hold on Stiles!" Stiles felt his shoulders been shamed as he cracked his eyes open, to see an crying Scott leaning over his body. Scott was yelling but the words weren't reaching Stiles instead floating around him.

"Damnit Stilinski! Don't you die on us!"

Jackson? Stiles thought but he couldn't remember what happened.

Scott felt Jackson increase the speed as they raced back towards the McCall house but he couldn't focus on that. He didn't care if they broke some laws because Stiles's life was hanging in the balance. His eyes stayed glued to his best friend and mate whole could feel the life slipping out of him. The battle against the Hunter's was going in favor of the Hunter's until one sent an arrow soaked in wolfbane at Scott, which Stiles jumped in the way. The arrow went straight through the boy's stomach and it wouldn't stop bleeding.

"Stiles! Baby! Please don't let me. We're almost home, please." Scott broke down as he pulled Stiles's into his arms.

9. (I)ntelligent

(I)ntelligent

"Stilinski!"

Stiles turned away from Scott to give his least favorite teacher an raised eyebrow. Mr. Harris pointed towards the board placing and equal sign underneath difficult mathematics equation. The boy sighed before focusing his attention on the teacher.

"Since you conversation with Mr. McCall is more interesting than my lecture, please tell the class the answer. If wrong you have two weeks of after school detention with me." Mr. Harris demanded as everyone turned to stare down Stiles. Not even Lydia knew the correct answers on they doubted Stiles would know it. Scott smiled behind his hand as he drummed his fingers in his boyfriend's thigh.

"Four." Stiles answered carefully. Mr. Harris laughed ready to give out the right answers lay to realized that four, is the correct answer. Taking an seat Harris informed the class, that the rest of block was free time while he worked something out.

Scott laughed as the teacher's failed attempt to embarrass his

boyfriend.

10. (J)ealous

(J)ealous

"Come on Stiles, I don't even know what I did wrong!"

Stiles stopped throwing his fist into Scott's face only to feel a sharp pain travel through his fist. Muttering curses Stiles cradled his injured fist sending a glare towards Scott.

Scott sighed as he stepped towards Stiles hating how the other boy glared at him harder. "I get that you're mad at me Stiles but I can explain if you tell me what I did wrong."

"I saw you with Kira." Stiles snapped.

Scott bit his lip to stop his laughter as Stiles pouted as he cradled his fist. Moving closer Scott gathered Stiles into his arms despite the other boy trying to break free. "Kira was talking to me about asking Lydia out."

Stiles's face blossomed a pretty pink as he realized he was jealous for no reason. All he saw was Kira standing close to his boyfriend as they talked softly.

"Baby, there is no need for you to be jealous."

"I wasn't jealous."

11. (K)iss

(K)iss

"Now welcome Mr. Mrs-I mean Mr. Stilinski-McCall." the preacher hurried on as Stiles sent him a unamused face.

Scott chuckled as he watched his husband glare at anyone they passed who wished Mr. and Mrs. Stilinski-McCallan happy life. As they moved to the ballroom, Scott grabbed Stiles's hips pulling him closer as his black suit looked amazing against Stiles's white suit. Dancing softly as some music played in the background Scott couldn't help but stare at his husband.

"Scott stop staring." Stiles whispered as his cheeks showed a pink hue. Smiling Scott closed the distance between the two stealing a soft kiss from his husband.

"How can I not stare at my beautiful husband. I love you."

"I love you too."

End
file.